

Kumbaya

Hopsin

Kumbaya, my Lord, I might say things that you might not support
When do I drop the torch?
Bless my enemies, which whom I mop the floor with
It's true, my thoughts are morbid
I'ma do my job, of course, shit
Can't fit in my shoes, niggas wishin' I lose
I'ma get it like, "Woo"

I done left it all behind me in Cali'
While yellin' goodbye to my family
I had to do a little soul search (Yeah)
All of my demons kept on fightin' and scrappin'
Inside of my mind, I was crashin'
Maybe I was having a growth spurt (Uh)
They tell me I should go out and mingle, it don't work (What?)
I've contemplated on whether or not to smoke Purp (No)
Think you sick in the head? Come visit my shed
I live on the edge, let's jump, shit, I'll go first
Mmm, yikes, quite preposterous (Yeah)
White kids soaking up the hype up off it
Hi, I'm Hopsin, I'm obnoxious
I've been token like the guy from Boston
Watch me rise to top ten (Yeah)
You know what I mean? Ain't no one like me
I'ma turn all of my haters to some overnight fiends
I done made a lot of money from exposing my grief (What?)
Flow catch bodies like it's COVID-19, nigga
Bitch, listen, I'm exerting the gas fumes
I'm the asshole who goes to work in a bad mood (Yeah)
Me and my alter ego make a murderous rap group (Uh)
I'm handin' beef to niggas like I'm servin' up fast food (Yeah)
I should've been spazzed, now the burden has passed through
Haters wanna laugh at all the hurdles I ran through
But the word on the avenue (What?)
Is now they wanna watch UP
Like a fuckin' pervert in the bathroom
Nigga, ew, yuck (Yuh)
The ladies always tell me I'm a real cunt (Yuh)
These wack motherfuckers, that's a meal lunch (Yeah)
On every instrumental, I'ma spill guts
And I'm still nuts (Hello)
Like RoboCop's scrotum
I'm givin' niggas Hell but I really hope I'm not goin'
And if I do, I'm pullin' up with hoes in my foreign
While the Man above is watchin' with his Coke and popcorn

Well I guess I'm a villain, labeled as strange
Labeled a clown, labeled deranged
Labeled as someone you might put to shame
Labeled a freak, who's unable to change
I'm sick in the head, I'm sick with the grind
I am not someone you casually find
Where is the light? Give me a sign
'Cause I got way too much shit on my mind
And I'ma get it all out

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I been noticing a shift in the industry
Too many niggas who appear to be gritty
Flashin' they nice jewels (What?)
Braggin' about some pills and packin' a rifle (What?)
You just gon' be another rapper that dies soon (Boom)
That's another body off the market
Rigor mortis seen him before police saw the carcass
Some of these niggas really 'bout it
They gon' show you all the corners
Now your mamma gotta see you droppin' slowly on a harness
Shit, it might be me next, I really mean it
The reject that you all love, I ain't He-Man
Some niggas ain't got a piss in pot they can pee in
They hate the planet so they come at you lookin' for revenge
That's why I gotta go to sleep with the nine tucked
Niggas creepin' up, fuck it, I ain't leavin' survivors
One squeeze and your spine bust (Ugh)
Actually, I don't want your dirty corpse on my carpet
Get the fuck out of here
My attitude is that of a Hulk smash
Mixed with Tony Montana snortin' bags of his coke stash
If it's true that I'm a savage at cold rap
I might as well rock a white jacket and Pulp hat
Dissin' me is like having your throat gagged
And fucked 'til your insides saggin' and prolapse
Big and 'Pac was a tragedy, no cap
But hearing me rap is like havin' 'em both back
Yeah, so how can you deny, not for rude as I?
Livin' on Cloud Nine, better believe the altitude is high
Niggas say, "The game's better, Hopsin, now that you've arrived"
'Bout to lace you motherfuckers with an album you can buy
Yes, I had to go retarded, I was dropped at birth (Yah)
Fuck all y'all, I'ma let my cock disperse
I got a constant urge to let the bombs emerge
And only time I'm worn out is when it's Hopsin merch

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